

**Glimmer**

**Guardian1**

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# Summary

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## Description:

Through a black mage's eyes, trying to save Vivi on the cargo ship. First FF9 fic, inherently confusing.

# 1. Glimmer

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Glimmer

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“Hello.”

Don’t hear... forgot to listen. Mind, eyes, hands,  
focused fully on  
the order. Too much talking, anyhow. Everyone goes  
talk talk talk  
talk talk to me, except when they ORDER ORDER  
ORDER ORDER in loud  
sharp voice.

“My name is Vivi.”

More talk, opening hearing. No order — just the  
talk talk talk,  
quiet, little, dusty-small. Need not listen any more.

“Um... What’s yours?”

Can see him, out of eye in corner. Hands falter on  
order — he’s so  
small, little tiny quiet like his talk, eyes glimmer like happy  
lights, like me like others, tiny child... but no, not

care, don't  
ignore order, ignoring order WRONG BAD PAIN  
NO.

“... Hello? U-um... don't you want to talk?”

Talk a never-order. Never talk. Even if ordered,  
no talk comes from  
me. Me just to do order, never to talk — good to be  
quiet when  
ordered pain. Good to die quiet.

If could, would. If could, say your ‘Hello’.

“...”

So small, so cryingly small. Orders inside pain —  
makes me order  
new things, new want. Want to cradle him; childs  
need cradling,  
and he so small. Never seen small. Born big, all of  
us.

Sad staring, ordered from his eyes. Even harder  
to do order, hands  
trying hard to keep on work.

He goes, hat bobbing, bobbing.

It orders ache, tight inside.

---

He tries. Tries tries tries tries tries; tries others-us.  
Talk talk  
talk to them, talk talk talk.

They ordered same; from each he goes, big sad eyes, lamps in dark.

But me knows they ache. They all obey ache. To live is obey, whatever ordered.

Small, small, dusty-small. Was me ever small? Think not. But he small, pretty bright quiet. Talk, talk, talk, dusty-quiet voice. Thinking his voice makes almost-smile.

Thoughts go away — ship lurches. Ship not ordered lurching. Wrong wrong wrong; fixing ordered. All us go up.

People in the order-area. Tall person there; orders us away, so obey, all us. Stand quietly around, in case new orders needed. Small child quiet by him, standing near others.

Ship lurches, he leave. One stays, making order on the ship. We watch, dusty-quiet.

Then *he* comes.

Tall, orders. Like us, not like us. Burning eyes  
like torchfire,  
not as warm. Quick to order pain, more quick to  
make us obey it.

Orders inside me sick, almost-tremble with worry,  
fear on fire.

Child so small, so easy for *him* to order pain.

Child need never-order for pain. Thought of him  
paining orders me  
angry inside.

Angry a never-order. We not ordered angry. But  
angry I obey.

Eyes meet. Talk is a never-order, but glimmer of  
our eyes is talk  
obey enough.

We know. We obey.

*He* orders outside. Talks ice, talks cruel; eyes  
burn on child.

Child cowers, child cringes.

We fear. We obey.

Magic runs bright through fingertips, burning fire  
that orders pain.

We all know magic, but it is a never-order.

Never-orders! No place here, no place with our  
fear for dusty-sweet  
child. Order him from fire. Order him from pain. No  
wrong, no bad, no  
nothing, not ever any more. Disobey is right.

*He* raises his hands, angry jerks, burning eyes at  
child. Loud  
orders.

Kill.

ORDER. Make no more.

Kill.

ORDER. Make dim.

...

We cannot let him obey. Within us, something  
burns hot; never-order  
of refusal.

We come, child. We come.

---

Angry orders from *him*, but we disobey. Crowd  
around the child,

cradle, protect. No weapon but magic at fingertips;  
anything to  
order *him* pain, anything to protect.

We lift our hands, fire glimmering bright; ready  
to order, to hurt —

Hit, falling! Magic runs hot through *him*, hotter,  
hotter than ours.

Breaking up inside, thrown back, burnt and pained  
and air wind  
grabbing body. Obey broken, obey split.

Inside me, things broken, things loose, deep deep  
down aching where  
the burning hot lived. No matter, no more; burns me  
all over, fully  
obeying only me.

Child screams, piercing air, piercing *his* laughter.  
Obeying  
pain, obeying break; quiet now, sounds melting,  
hearing lost gone.

Good to die quiet. Dimming, dimming... child  
looks down, eyes so  
sad they make deep ache. If could, would comfort. If  
could, would  
smile for him.

Goodbye, child. Make sadness a never-order.  
Goodbye, ship. Fall is  
like float. Goodbye, *him*. Goodbye, goodbye, child.  
Dying for  
you is worth many lives with order.

See his eyes glimmer — then we free.

~fin~

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A/N: Yes, I know that sucked, but it's my first FF9 fic and I haven't even  
fully finished the game yet. It's FF8 all over again  
— I wrote my first  
three fics blind, not having even *played* the game, let alone finished  
the sodding thing. Final Fantasy is always too damn inspiring. I just  
had to write this — when I saw this scene, I just wept my eyes out. I know  
I've done it no justice, but I tried. Maybe I got the entire thing  
totally wrong. Maybe it's revealed later that the black mages were  
trying to eat Vivi, or were attracted to his sexy shoes. I don't  
care.

Anyway, please forgive me for inconsistencies,  
and review to tell me  
off for writing such a confusing, convoluted piece.  
Thanks for reading!

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